

clarity. The coffee and rolls that are to be furnished to all comers are mythical. Stale bread and alleged coffee are doled out and in such slender quantities as to be particularly of no value to one who wants to work. As far as keeping a record of those who apply for shelter, that is done to a nicety. Well-fed policemen who are on the pay-roll at a salary of \$103 per month can well afford to indulge in minute questioning, and the record of an applicant after he gets through with his questioner looks as though he had passed through the Bertillon system of identifying criminals.

The helping hand is lacking at the Municipal Lodging House; the only places open at 5 o'clock in the morning are the low saloons that line either side of Madison street, from Halsted street to the river, and these are at once invaded for the reason that the saloons have stoves going in full blast and no price is charged for soaking up heat. From 7 till 9 o'clock the

down-and-outer hustles for employment, and should he be so fortunate as to connect he seeks more congenial quarters when night comes on.

At "Hogan's Flop" last Sunday night there were 900 men who paid five cents each for the privilege of sleeping on a board. The building is a four-story structure on Meridian street near Union street, and barely passes the sanitary laws, but many of the inmates seemingly preferred the board without springs or covering, with the privilege of remaining indoors until 7 o'clock, to the free accommodations of the city's lodging house with the knowledge that they would have to walk the streets or invade a saloon two hours earlier.

A night in this place to anyone but a regular is sufficient to put one on the sick list for a week at least. The weather was cold last Sunday night and on each of the four floors a cannon ball stove was consuming coal to capacity limit. There no questions are asked, no register kept and all that is needed to secure entrance is a nickel. There was no ventilation aside from that furnished by the door on Meridian street when a patron entered. The lower floor is taken up by an office and 75 chairs, which later in the evening are occupied by "guests." The second, third and fourth floors are wonders in the hotel or lodging house line. Travelers via side door Pullmans who have been from Nome, Alaska, to the Florida Keys and from Coney Island to

the Barbary Coast in San Francisco aver that in all their travels they never saw or heard tell of anything to compare with "Hogan's Flop." The building is 100x25 feet, and on either side of the floors is a row of shelves 10 feet in height. The shelves are not numbered. They are seven feet in length and the first man in picks out his shelf, places his coat beneath his head and with his shoes on his feet lies down to pleasant dreams. Each floor will "accommodate" 300 guests, and should the capacity of the "Flop" be taxed—well, there is the floor, stretch out on that. Preferred "guests" are advised to take the fourth floor owing to the quietness that is said to prevail. But last Sunday night, the fourth floor was a good second to any boiler factory in South Chicago. Snoring was carried on in all languages and to expostulate with the sleepers would be the same as going to the County Hospital or morgue. No watchman travels beat in this abode of the "all in" man, and the safest way—unless a guest is looking for trouble—is to say nothing and let everything ride.

When the various Workingmen's Homes Exchanges and Barrel Houses where \$500 reward is offered for a drop of adulterated "Ky." if found in the house close at 1 o'clock, the real business of the evening begins at the "Flop." In battalions the guests wend their spiral way to the Blackstone on Meridian street and for one